

Thalos 53

Chapter 53: Cursing Across Realms

Too outrageous!

Just a moment ago, the entire Aesir expeditionary force—whether exalted gods or the mortals who followed them—were like rats drowning in a gutter, about to be washed away at any second.

The very next second, the entire situation reversed.

This oceanic world seemed to be torn apart in an instant. Endless torrents of deep blue seawater collapsed like broken dams, rushing away in all directions.

When that revolting sea-blue hue finally receded, what remained were countless droplets of rain-like water falling from the sky and the faces of the Vanir gods in the Sea Temple, filled with fury or complicated emotions.

The apocalyptic landscape vanished. The normal, peaceful seascape of the island returned to their view.

And overhead—towering ten kilometers into the heavens—stood a translucent phantom of Thalos, the supreme god-king of the Aesir, gazing down upon them with an immeasurable, distant expression.

Time froze in that instant.

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Njord's eyes bulged, bloodshot and wild with madness.

In his vision, the horror above was even greater. The intricate oceanic law-net he had painstakingly woven for months—fine threads of elemental rule that crisscrossed to form a massive grid around the Sea Temple—had been utterly shattered.

That elaborate celestial trap had been easily destroyed by the damned god-king Thalos. Every law fragment drifting now through the void was a crystallization of Njord's divine power, painstakingly condensed over countless days.

And yet—

It had all been obliterated, just like that!

This gap—of sheer divine power and comprehension of the laws—was what enraged Njord the most.

All of his scheming, all of his careful planning, was wiped away. He could only watch helplessly as one after another brilliant rainbow beam enveloped the battered Aesir soldiers. As the light brightened their bodies, they faded into the Bifröst and crossed hundreds of kilometers of sky—returning safely to the upper divine realm.

That feeling of ultimate failure was sickening.

And worse—Njord didn't dare take a single step outside the Sea Temple. He had no idea if divine retribution from Thalos would descend in the next second.

His fists clenched so hard that his fingernails pierced his palms. Drops of divine blood fell between his fingers. He bit his lip and stared back at the colossal projection in the sky.

That detestable gaze was so cold. And in those deep black eyes... there wasn't even a trace of recognition for Njord's existence.

Thalos's aloofness. Thalos's grandeur. Thalos's certainty of victory. Everything about him made Njord furious—nearly mad.

"Thalos Borson! You think this is over? You think you've truly conquered the Vanir? No! NEVER—" Njord's voice broke with rage, "You idiot! You actually used so much of Midgard's essence just to save that foolish brother of yours?! HAHAHA! I'll take it, gladly! One day I'll use that power to tear your little nest Asgard to pieces!"

Thalos didn't respond right away.

But below him, Thor—just back from the brink—heard this and paled.

"Father! You sacrificed Midgard's essence to save us?" His wide eyes were filled with disbelief... and deep guilt.

The gods turned toward Odin with even darker expressions.

That price was too high.

Thalos finally withdrew his gaze from the lower realm. He casually glanced back at the sorry figures returning from the field and said blandly, "Not much. Only about thirty percent."

And of course—Loki had to speak up: "Will Njord use that power to breed another Sea King-level monster? Maybe make it his new body?"

Loki was clever, yes, but he was also a world-class instigator. He spared no one—friend or foe.

Odin nearly choked on his own breath. He wanted to rip Loki's tongue out and nail it to the ground with Gungnir.

But Thalos remained calm. "If he has the time..."

Potential is only potential.

Converting it into power takes time.

And clearly, Thalos had no intention of giving Njord any time.

Down below, Njord was still spitting venom, hurling curse after curse toward the heavens.

Thalos silently drew Freyja closer, wrapping his arm around her, and the massive projection in the sky mirrored his movements precisely.

The moment Freyja appeared in Thalos's arms, Njord and the rest of the Vanir gods suddenly went silent.

Embarrassed, anxious, ashamed—conflicted. As if they wanted to prove their loyalty to the Aesir, but couldn't find the words. Freyja's pure-yet-alluring face twitched oddly as her facial muscles tried to express ten different emotions at once.

And that—was the truest Freyja of all.

Then, before both god clans, Thalos spoke aloud, his voice thunderous and divine, shaking even the Sea Temple with falling dust and debris.

"Njord! In light of how hard your daughter has served me, I will give you a chance—join the Aesir, and you will have a position second only to Odin."

Njord was stunned for a second, then burst into rage-filled laughter: "HAHAHAHA! Thalor Borson! Do you really think you're the Supreme God of Ginnungagap?! Let me tell you this! With Vanaheim and the life force I now hold from Midgard, I can defend this place until the end of the world—!"

Njord's defiant outburst made all the Aesir gods' faces turn grim.

That stubborn bastard—he was like a greased war-pig—disgusting.

But forcibly attacking him again... no one could predict the cost.

Curses erupted across the Aesir ranks.

"Njord! If you've got balls, crawl out of your doghouse!"

"Pah! And you call yourself the Vanir King?"

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If insults could drag Njord out, they would've succeeded three months ago.

But sadly, to an old turtle, words are utterly useless.

Meanwhile, on the Aesir side, Odin was completely deflated.

He staggered over and dropped to his knees before Thalos, bowing deeply. "Your unworthy servant Odin has failed Your Majesty's trust! I only beg that when Your Majesty finally shatters the Sea Temple, you allow me to personally kill Njord and avenge this disgrace!"

The moment he said it, he felt the hateful stares from every direction.

This campaign had devastated his reputation among gods and giants alike.

Had Thalos not stepped in at the last moment, and had just a few gods or giants died, Odin would've been finished in Asgard.

In fact, he could already see his fate—unless his brother also failed to deal with this damned old turtle, he would be exiled to icy Jotunheim, doomed to battle frost giants for a hundred years.

Having grown used to the sunny, temperate Asgard, Odin dreaded the thought of rotting in some godforsaken frozen wasteland.

That was the cost of his high-stakes gamble.

Win—and ascend to god-king!

Lose—and go home to guard the back gate!

He was furious. He was unwilling. He cursed it all. But he had to accept it.

And in that moment, a dark thought bloomed inside him—

What if even Thalos can't bring down Njord?

He knew, deep down, it was unlikely.

But still, that little flicker of bitterness—of hoping his brother might just fail—curled cold and ugly in his heart...